

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Peter

Editor-in-Chief

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Even though the coldest days of winter are upon us, the feuds and rivalries currently raging throughout wrestling give off enough hit to melt the polar ice caps. The past few weeks I've been traveling around the country, investigating the most blazing of these feuds. Here is my report.

MID-ATLANTIC: The most explosive feud in this area has to be
Ric Flair vs. Roddy Piper. The reasons these two hate each other
are somewhat hazy. Piper claims Flair is a roadblock in the way
of the NWA title. Flair's reason? "I don't like men who wear skirts."

FLORIDA: Perhaps the most heartbreaking feud of 1981 is occurring down here. Former partners Dusty Rhodes and Dick Murdoch are raging all out war on each other. This is a battle of attrition that neither man can win.

GEORGIA: Reigning NWA champion Harley Race has made a life-long and dangerous enemy in Tony Atlas. Atlas, the current Georgia champ, is reportedly enraged at comments Race made while on a local TV talk show in Athens, Georgia. Race will be lucky to escape with his life, let alone his title, from this feud.

WWF: After losing his WWF Inter-Continental title to Pedro Morales in a controversial match, Ken Patera has taken a few weeks off from wrestling to sharpen his skills in the gym. Observers of Patera report he is working on a wide array of maneuvers, each one with only one aim--the crippling of Pedro Morales.

AWA: As usual, here in America's heartland, Verne Gagne and Nick Bockwinkel are locked in a war of both physical brutality and verbal combat. Bockwinkel told me he will retire before the end of this year unless he regains his AWA belt from Gagne. We will see.



To BE PERFECTLY candid, I've never especially enjoyed an evening with Greg Valentine. Or a morning. An afternoon. Even a few moments. I don't like him. Sorry. I can't appreciate caustic, nasty, unprincipled lifeforms utterly devoid of concern for their fellow man or for the simple rules of professional wrestling. But I can feel pity. And on this February day with the vaguest hint of spring encircling Richmond. I felt a great deal of pity for the former United States heavyweight champion.

"Yeah, I got a few minutes, can't be bothered for long, uh, I got a lotta things to do, know what I mean, lotta things to do I couldn't do before when I was so tied down with the belt." Greg Valentine nervously rubbed a meaty hand over his wide chest. "Really amazin' how I didn't have my own life before. Always bein' bothered with stuff. Now I don't have to worry about that crap anymore."

That "crap" Valentine so indelicately referred to was the



While Valentine tries to give the appearance of being unbothered, losing the U.S. title has affected him greatly. It hasn't changed his wrestling style, however.

championship lost to Ric Flair in a violent match. That incredibly bloody bout embodied years of hate between these two men. Former friends, former partners, now bitter enemies, Flair and Valentine carried their war across the entire Mid-Atlantic area,



Though Valentine has control of the bout at this point, his long-time friend and now bitter enemy, Ric Flair, would come back to win this match.

luring others into the fray.

Still, the core of hatred encompassed Flair and Valentine. Ric held the title, lost it to Valentine, and later sustained a broken nose in a subsequent match. Nothing motivated Flair like revenge. Absolutely nothing.

But I wasn't concerned with Flair's motives. Valentine's loss intrigued me for reasons other than a mere loss of a title. This cruel blond lost a great deal more than his title. He lost his very soul.

"Yeah, you win some, you lose some," Valentine scratched his solar plexus. "If it had been a fair fight, maybe I'd be more upset. But Flair don't know how to wrestle fair. All he knows how to do is cheat and break the rules.

"But I'm too tough to give a damn. Why should I care about some stupid belt, huh? I'm a lot better than some fool-damn title like the U.S. belt, hah, a man of my talents oughta be the NWA champion if that pea-brain Race had an ounce of guts and would give me a crack.

"So all this whinin' and cryin' about poor Greg Valentine don't mean a damn thing. I'm still as tough as you'd ever want. This damn belt don't mean a hill of beans to me, you can bet on that."

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by Stu Saks

T'S GETTING TO be a regular thing. It seems like just about every month I'm told to go down to the Mid-Atlantic area to uncover another great mystery. I don't want to say I'm behind in my work, but I think I'm just now getting a grasp on why Paul Jones turned bad-and now he is good again!

First Ken Patera comes into the arena, an Olympic hero, the most popular guy around, and he turns into a demented crippler. Then Ric Flair, who could have filled a blood bank with the amount of cuts he opened in the heads of scientific wrestlers, joins forces with his old enemies. Then Jimmy Snuka turns bad, and Jones turns good again, and notoriously evil Masked

Superstar joins him.

I don't get paid enough to cover Mid-Atlantic wrestling. From a reporter's standpoint, it's insane. But our responsibility to our readership does not stop with the mere reporting of the facts. We are equally obligated to explain the whys of the situation. What makes a Masked Superstar turn away from the rulebreakers and risk never having a friend in the sport? What runs through the mind of a Paul Jones, who has undergone two major personality changes in a couple of years?

Investigating an event, a political scandal for instance, is a time-consuming yet relatively easy task. You talk to as many people connected with the issue as you can, and with a little luck, you'll hit upon the right leads that will solve the

(Continued on page 54)

By Dan Shocket

T TAKES MORE than words to make a man into a real wrestler. So far, Tommy Rich is nothing but a bunch of words.

Fans all over the country are in tears. They whine, "Tommy Rich is a rulebreaker!" Rich talks a referees to give him the benefit of every doubt. For a man who has never shown great ability, his plan worked superbly. He became the top NWA challenger, despite at least 20 guys who deserved a title shot before he did.

Under the guidance of manager Jimmy Hart, Tommy Rich has completely altered his offensive style. Whereas Tommy used to take pleasure in frustrating an opponent with his brilliant maneuverability, he now would rather drive his elbow into a man's throat.

good game, claiming he's now only interested in winning. The hero has turned on his fans.

First, Rich has always been interested in winning any way he can. He thought he could score more victories by being a fan favorite, forcing the Toadying to the fans brought him fame but not the championship. He then went off and sulked awhile. When he returned, he underwent an entire personality change. Now he didn't care what people thought. Tommy Rich wanted the title any way he

could get it, and didn't care whom he hurt in the process.

Big talk. Then again,
Tommy has always been a
big talker. The words come
easy to him. Words to win
fans come easy; words to
insult fans come easy. He is
always ready to go the easy
way.

Clearly, Rich hopes his newfound friends will show him easy ways to win the title. Bobby Eaton and Nick Bockwinkel will readily teach him new holds and maneuvers, he hopes. His manager, Jimmy Hart, will show him strategies guaranteed to get him the AWA belt.

Yes, Tommy has gone from the NWA to the AWA. Is it because he thinks it'd be easier to beat fuddyduddy AWA king Verne Gagne than "rulebreaker" Harley Race, NWA titleholder? After all, Rich has already failed to defeat Race. He still has a chance against Gagne.

Ambition is what makes Tommy Rich click. He goes for the big bucks, fame, and his picture in the wrestling magazines. There's nothing

(Continued on page 56)

By STEVEN FARHOOD

SCOOP OF THE MONTH

"The American Dream" recently competed in the First Gross. Annual He-Man Pancake Eating Contest in Scranton, tough," said Dusty. "I was Pennsylvania, and defeated some of the most famed eaters in the country by downing 43 hotcakes!

ment. Included in the competition were last year's winner, Big Chops McAvoy of Duluth, Minnesota, and the Dusty Rhodes is a champion! immense 455-pounder from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Porky

"Gross was especially watching him over my shoulder while I was eating and I knew that no matter how many pancakes he shoved into his It was no easy accomplish- mouth, there was room for

plenty more in his stomach. It was kinda discouraging."

But as he usually does in the squared circle, Dusty prevailed. To the cheers of dozens of spectators, Rhodes was still wolfing down Aunt Jemima's finest when McAvoy quit at 38 and Gross pooped out at 40.

"I wasn't feeling too well after about 28 or 30," Rhodes recalled. "But the competitive spirit caught me. I knew I couldn't let those others beat me.

"I knew it was over when Gross took his last swallow and let go with an earthquake of a burp that shook the rafters. He sorta just passed out after that. They told me his body couldn't stand the sudden weight gain."

Most of the wrestling community thought Rhodes' accomplishment was to be commended. As always, however, there were jealous observers.

"Rhodes isn't even close to a human being," said manager Lord Al Hays. "The man should be put out of his misery. They shoot horses, don't they?"

"I can't believe Rhodes would have the nerve to consume that much food," said Dick Slater. "Is he a pig or what? I'm surprised he had the strength to walk out after eating all that."

Ignore them, Dusty. We're proud of you. Again you have proven you are a champion in the ring and out.

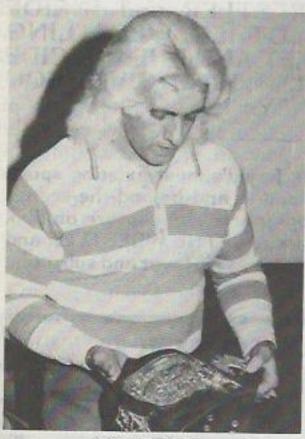
MPASTIAP

Dusty Rhodes is a competitive man. Whether it be in the ring or out, Dusty strives to be number one. He had to outdo some pretty strong competition to win the First Annual He-Man Pancake Eating Contest.

(Continued on page 65)

NAMESMAKI

RIC FLAIR is once again United States Heavyweight Champion! Flair whipped his former partner and now bitter enemy GREG VALENTINE to regain his cherished gold belt. TED DiBIASE now holds top honors in Missouri. Ted upset KEN PATERA to win the state's most prestigious honor. This is a major stride for Ted in his hopes to get a chance to wrestle for a world championship.



RIC FLAIR

TONY ATLAS has got a lot of guts. Although he could have pulled out of his match against NWA champ HARLEY RACE due to a torn ligament in his left leg, Atlas opted to grapple despite the injury. The sly Race took advantage of the injury, and although Tony did his best, Race retained his title by a double disqualification.

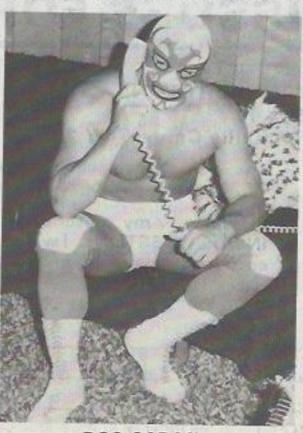
JIMMY SNUKA and RAY STEVENS may fire their manager GENE ANDERSON! Rather than being in their corner for an NWA tag team title defense against



TONY ATLAS

PAUL JONES and MAKSED SUPERSTAR, Anderson chose to join brother Ole in Georgia for a \$20,000 tag team tournament. Well, Jimmy and Ray lost the belts and now they are furious that Gene thought the tournament was more important than being with them. The fireworks have started!

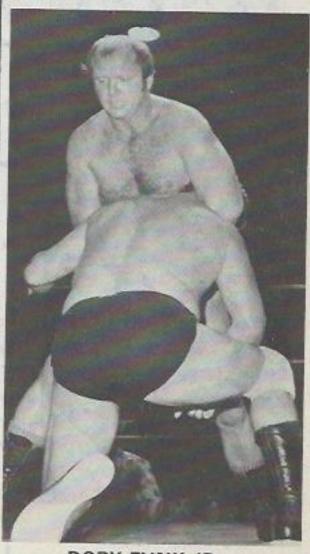
Speaking about that Georgia tournament, THE FREEBIRDS won the \$20,000 and the National



DOS CARAS

tag team trophy. Among the teams that were entered from all over the world were SAMOAN AFA and KILLER KHAN, THE BRISCO BROTHERS, ROBERT FULLER and PLOWBOY FRAZIER, and—get this—JOYCE GRABLE and JUDY MARTIN. They bravely wrestled the team of STEVE O and JERRY ROBERTS in the first round but were eliminated.

MIL MASCARAS and brother DOS CARAS are in California looking for matches against OX BAKER and THE ENFORCER... DUSTY RHODES has lost the Florida championship to DORY FUNK JR. Funk is once again campaigning for a shot against NWA champion HARLEY RACE. If you recall, Race is the man who initially knocked Dory off his championship throne in 1973.



DORY FUNK JR.

N'NEWS

Bill Apter reporting...



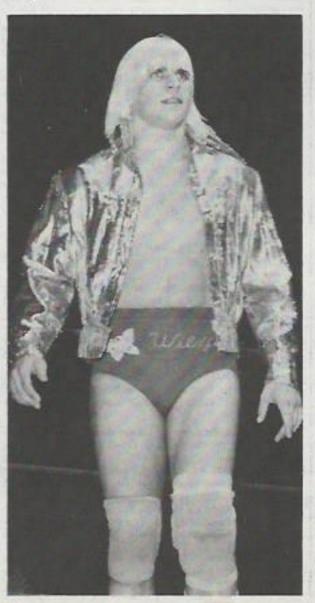
GINO HERNANDEZ

GINO HERNANDEZ and his manager GARY HART were the victims of a "fast one" by FRITZ VON ERICH. When Fritz heard Gino boasting that he could defeat anyone in wrestling. Fritz suggested Gino sign to grapple undefeated, unpinned SUGAR BEAR JACOBS. Gino signed the contract, and to his surprise, Sugar Bear turned out to be just that—a live bear!

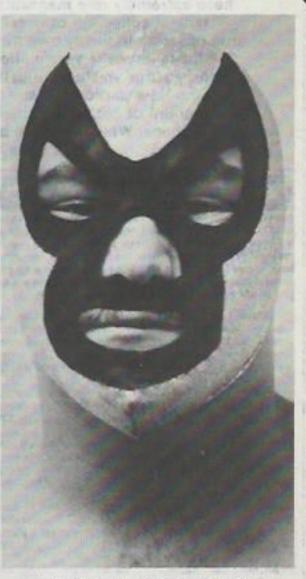
BOBBY JAGGERS and his cousin R.T. TYLER are looking to take the Florida tag team belts from BARRY WINDHAM and SCOTT McGEE . . . DICK MURDOCH, a new member of the LORD AL HAYS group, says he has no shame about wrestling DUSTY RHODES. "As long as Hays pays," Murdoch says, "I'll rassle my mother if he wants me to."

KILLER KHAN has signed to wrestle WWF champion BOB BACKLUND . . . HULK HOGAN is still demanding that WWF promoters give him a shot at Backlund's belt . . . RICK STEAMBOAT is on tour in Japan . . . JAY YOUNGBLOOD has signed for several matches in the Pacific Northwest . . . VERNE GAGNE and BILLY ROBINSON recently clashed in Chicago with Verne's AWA title on the line. It was a brilliant scientific encounter until both combatants lost their tempers and were counted out while exchanging blow outside the ring.

Sad news for you TOMMY RICH fans. Tommy told me in an exclusive interview that there is no way he will become a scientific



TOMMY RICH



MASKED GRAPPLER

wrestler again no matter how much his fans plead with him. "Fans don't win matches, roughhouse tactics do," says Rich...KILLER KARL KOX says THE MASKED GRAPPLER has nixed a return match against him. "I'm too rough for that masked stiff!" exclaims Kox.

SUPERSTAR GRAHAM is still negotiating with Florida promoters . . . ANDRE THE GIANT wants a handicap match against THE MOONDOGS . . . THE HANGMAN is doing well in Canada . . . THE SHEEP-HERDERS say they are having no trouble defending their Mid-Atlantic tag team belts. "We need some decent competition or we'll leave the area," they threaten.

That's all for now. See you next month!



Brock's AIL



PAUL JONES & MASKED SUPERSTAR



GINO HERNANDEZ

RICHMOND, VA: The pain of reform. Only Paul Jones can fully understand the anguish associated with trying to convince thousands of skeptics his intentions are sincere. Let's examine both sides for a moment. If you were a wrestling fan and had witnessed or read about Jones' shocking assault on friend Rick Steamboat, you'd have a rather jaundiced view of the man. On the other hand, Jones' attempts at returning to scientific wrestling appear genuine. One mistake and Jones feared he'd be ruined for his wrestling life. But slowly, inexorably, the fans are drifting over to Jones' side. It hasn't been easy. Yet Jones remained unruffled. He never expressed bitterness when fans initially showed lukewarm support. He knew it would take some time. It has. Still, Jones, continued his all-out war upon the Mid-Atlantic rulebreakers, convinced his crusade would be both successful and accepted. Finally, Jones has been vindicated. He now ranks among the most popular area wrestlers, regularly teaming with another reformed rulebreaker, Masked Superstar. Give a man like Jones credit for enduring the pain of his convictions.

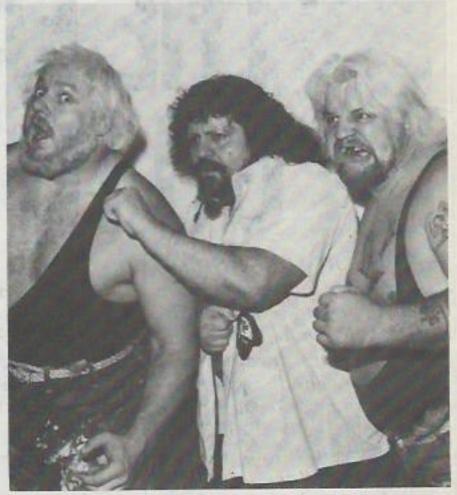
DALLAS, TX: Is trouble brewing between Gino Hernandez and manager Gary Hart? Recently Hernandez lost a match which stipulated in the event of such a loss, Hart would have to shave his head. Losing his locks didn't please Hart. To avoid ridicule, he donned a mask. Though a mask may conceal his gleaming dome from the public, the mask can't diminish the rumored outrage Hart feels over Hernandez losing that bout. Reportedly the two men exchanged harsh words outside their dressing room and nearly came to blows. Such anger isn't unexpected from a man as proud as Hart. That Hernandez would lose a match against a Von Erich stings enough. That Hernandez's loss would bring

Harder than nails, veteran wrestling reporter Matt Brock has logged more miles covering wrestling than any other journalist. Every month Matt will travel to the sport's hotbeds, reporting everything he sees without fear or favor

shame and ridicule to Hart might be too much to bear.

ATLANTA, GA: An old Satchel Paige saying cautions against looking over your shoulder "'cause someone might be gainin' on you." Wise words, to be sure. Yet NWA champion Harley Race can't help but hear the heavy footsteps of top contender Ted DiBiase pursuing the world championship. Seemingly week by week, DiBiase gains greater confidence and maturity on his relentless climb toward the NWA title. Race remains superficially unperturbed, dismissing DiBiase as a preliminary punk. But Race is far too experienced to so casually dismiss this impressive challenger. At this stage, their feud has entered verbal sniping. Race attempts to belittle DiBiase, hoping to keep the youngster off-guard. And DiBiase remains relatively poised. Still, one wonders how poised DiBiase will be when he battles Race and feels the belt within his grasp. Sometimes success breeds immediate failure. DiBiase should avoid thinking about the title too much lest he lose all perspective and forget he must first win the belt before he can be proclaimed world champion.

ORLANDO, FL: This is a sad, strange tale. Dick Slater was scheduled to meet Barry Windham in a featured match. However, Slater failed to show and manager Lord Al Hays offered a blank check to anyone willing to meet young Windham. Out of the crowd emerged Dick Murdoch, a man who until recently was Windham's partner. He wrestled Windham in a clean match for 20 minutes. Then, egged on by Hays' demanding greater aggressiveness, Murdoch unleashed a barrage of illegal tactics on Windham. Now Murdoch vows to use "Outlaw tactics for outlaw wages." Underlying that remark is Murdoch's willingness to wrestle anyone, including Dusty Rhodes, another



ALBANO & THE MOONDOGS

former partner and close friend. Could Murdoch actually contemplate wrestling The American Dream? Is money that important?

NEW YORK, NY: Captain Lou Albano's newest finds are a tag team called The Moondogs. Part canine, maybe part human, The Moondogs pose a major threat to WWF tag team champs Tony Garea and Rick Martel. Despite their bizarre appearances, The Moondogs are formidable contenders whose innate abilities are enhanced by The Captain's ring smarts. Watch for them. Lasted two days at Stu Saks' apartment until I lost hearing in my right ear from listening to rock music at volume eight. That, and nearly starved to death since he and his roommate only use the oven to dry socks. Still can't believe where I decided to live next. Big move for the old man.

HOTSEAT

"THE FANS CAN GO TO HELL!"

TOT VERY LONG AGO, fans | adored him. He was touted as a future superstar, certain to win a world title and assured of continued fan devotion and affection. Then something happened to him. Repated efforts to wrest the NWA title from Harley race met with repeated frustrations. Inevitably the frustrations evolved into anger, and then bitterness. Suddenly he began blaming others for his failures. Suddenly he left Georgia, abruptly reappearing in Memphis. But he wasn't the same man. He was mean, actually vicious. And utterly contemptuous of the fans. His name is Tommy Rich.

INTERVIEWED CONDUCTED BY STU SAKS

- Q: Tommy, nice of you to consent to . . .
- A: Cut the bull, huh? All you guys are alike. You just want an excuse to rake me over the coals in print.

- Q: Then why did you agree to this interview?
- A: 'Cause maybe one word of truth'll find its way onto your rag pages.
- Q: Do you feel you've been misquoted or hurt by the press in the past?

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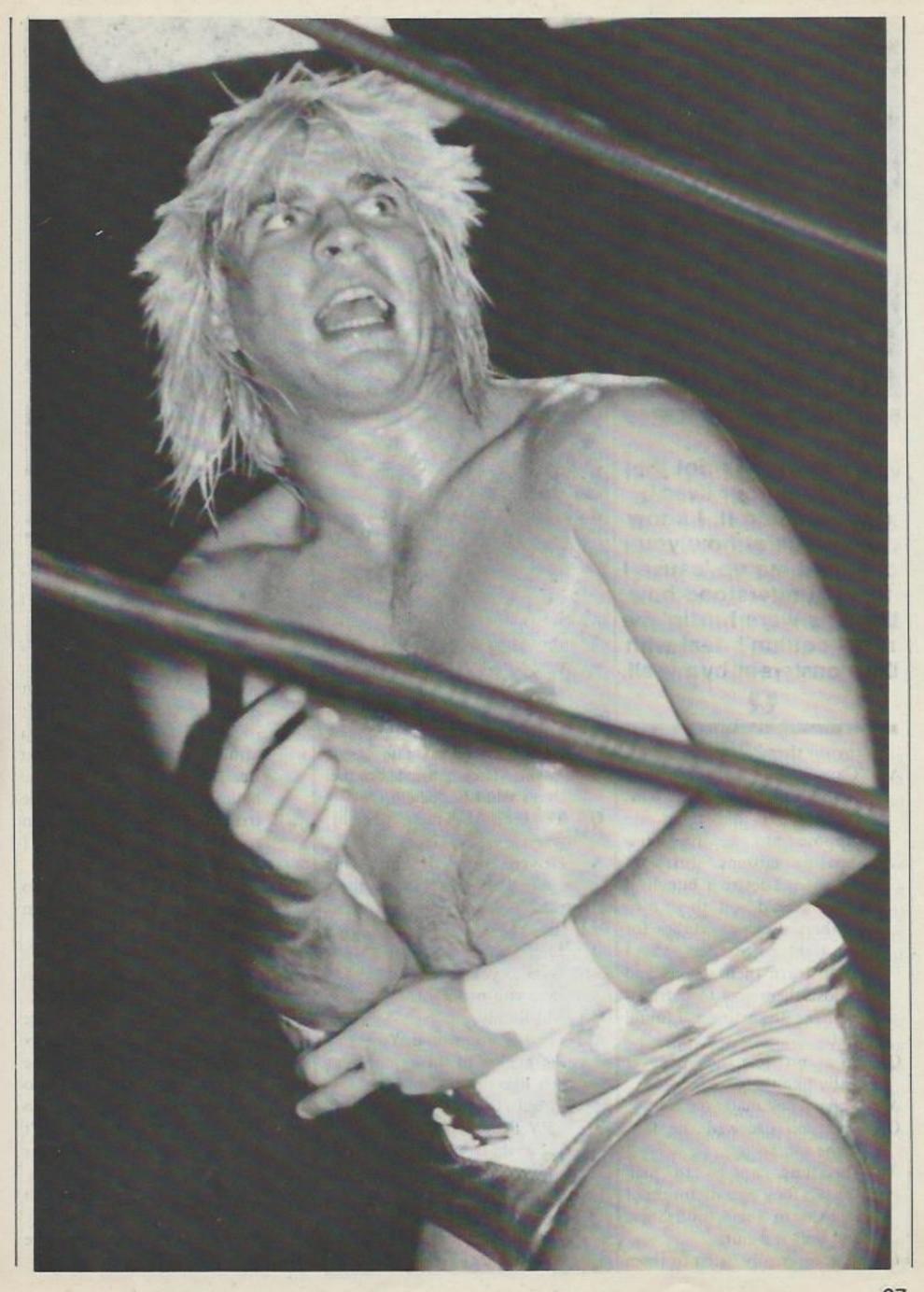
I thought a moron like
[Mr. Wrestling] II coulda
helped me. I only used
them, not that I got much
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target practice.

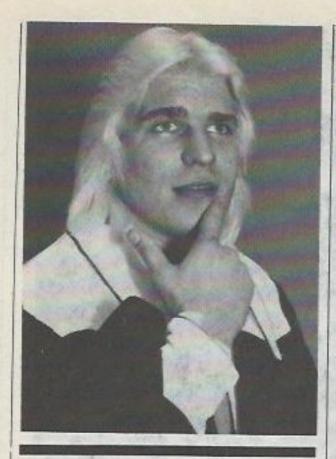
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- A: Damn certain I have, man. They totally twisted everything I ever said or did.
- Q: Like?
- A: Like making me out to care

about the fans or the old bums that used to force their ideas on me. I never wanted to listen to them. But I was stupid and naive. I thought a moron like II couda helped me. I only used them, not that I got much outta them. Old fools like them aren't worth much except to use them as target practice.

- Q: Just a second, Tommy. Time and again you made statements how wonderful Mr. Wrestling II and . . .
- A: Only said that as part of my master plan.
- Q: Meaning?
- A: Meaning, turkey-neck, I never cared a whit about them. I was only using those old bums to learn how they wrestle so I could come back and whip their butts from one end of the state to the other. You think a great wrestler like me needs their help?
- Q: If you're such a great wrestler, why'd you have to





You wouldn't print the truth if your lives depended on it. I know that, look at how you chopped me up 'cause I finally understood how the fans were hurtin' me and I couldn't deal with the monsters all by myself.

spy on them?

- A: 'Cause they got cheating methods that'd curl your hair. I know, II and them are supposed to be fine, upstanding citizens. Just not the case. They're a bunch of burns who'd sell their own mothers down the tubes for the right price. Best way I could learn their secrets and expose them was to befriend them, as disgusting as I found that.
- Q: So at no time did you ever really like them?
- A: Nope. They made me sick.
- Q: And you deceived the fans in the same way?
- A: The fans can go to hell.

 What'd they ever do for me? I
 listened to their foolishness
 and only got hurt.
- Q: Did you really listen to them

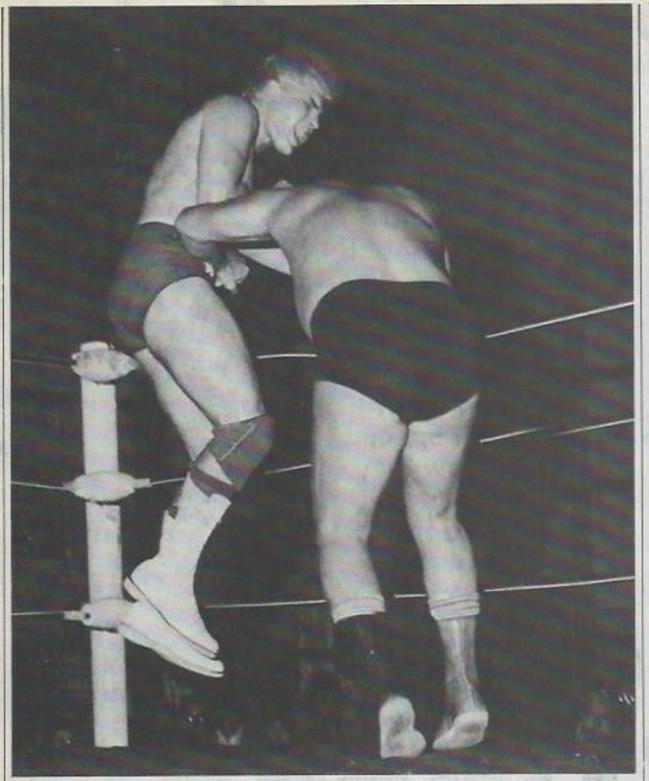


Whatever happened to the man who used to find pleasure in a scientific test of skills? This same man now prefers the brutality of a cage match. Tommy Rich flies off the cage with a fist to his opponent's head.

or were you pretending to listen to them?

- A: At first, I really did. I really thought they'd stay with me once they learned of the way II and his clique would destroy wrestling. But the fans are a bunch of lame punks too stupid to appreciate great talent. They turned on me, that's what happened.
- Q: To keep the facts straight, when you left Georgia . . .
- A: Driven out. II and his cohorts knew I understood too much and drove me out of the area.
- Q: There's still no proof.
- A: Would you believe me if I gave you proof?
- Q: Absolutely.
- A: The hell you would. You're in the pocket of those monsters just like the rest of 'em. You wouldn't print the truth if your lives depended on it. I know that, look at how you chopped me up 'cause I finally understood how the fans were hurtin' me and I couldn't deal with the monsters all by myself.

- Q: So you moved to Tennessee?
- A: Yup. Found a home here and people I could finally trust. My manager, Jimmy Hart, has more brains than the whole state of Georgia put together, which really isn't much of a compliment, I'm afraid. And my main man Beautiful Bobby Eaton is one helluva partner, a lot more trustworthy and talented than some of the buffoons I hooked up with in Georgia.
- Q: Didn't take you long to develop a brutal feud in Memphis.
- A: Me develop? Again, see, that's what I'm talking about. I won the AWA Southern Heavy-weight title fair and square from Jimmy Valiant, he vows to break my legs, and I'm the one who started it? I can't do nothing right according to you people, that's why I don't give a damn about you or anyone else.
- Q: You're also feuding with Jerry Lawler, aren't you?
- A: To feud you need a suitable opponent, which Lawler isn't.



He's scared of me, just like Verne Gagne.

Q: Why do you say that?

A: If Gagne isn't afraid, why doesn't he come down to Memphis and defend his AWA title against me? He knows I'd probably kill him and break one of his brittle bones. He is totally afraid to come down and face me. Just like all the others.

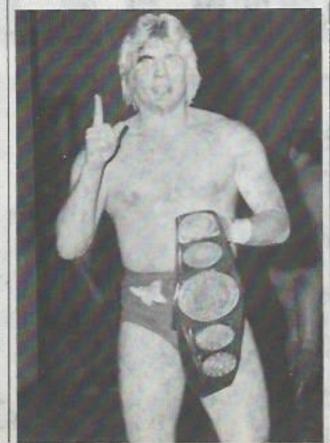
O: Which others?

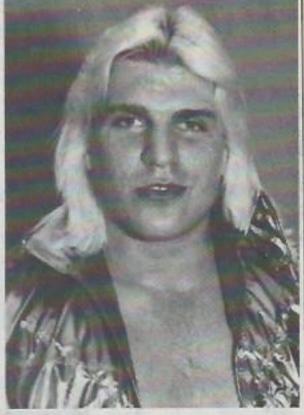
A: Il and his gang. I challenged Il to come into Memphis and wrestle me. He doesn't have the guts to pick up the challenge. He's just another coward hiding behind a mask.

Q: How does it feel to be so hated?

A: I'm not hated. First off, the fans don't mean a damn thing to me. Those who turned on

Rich feels that breaking the rules is the only way to the top. Rich jumps upon his opponent from the top rope (above) and tells the world who is number one after a bloody defense of his AWA Southern belt (below).





If Gagne isn't afraid, why doesn't he come down to Memphis and defend his AWA title against me? He knows I'd probably kill him and break one of his brittle bones. He is totally afraid to come down and face me.

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me ain't worth my caring about. Those who know and understand me love and respect me.

Q: But so many trusted you.

A: And I trusted so many, understand? All I got was a knife in the back. I never got anything from them, so why should I care about them at all?

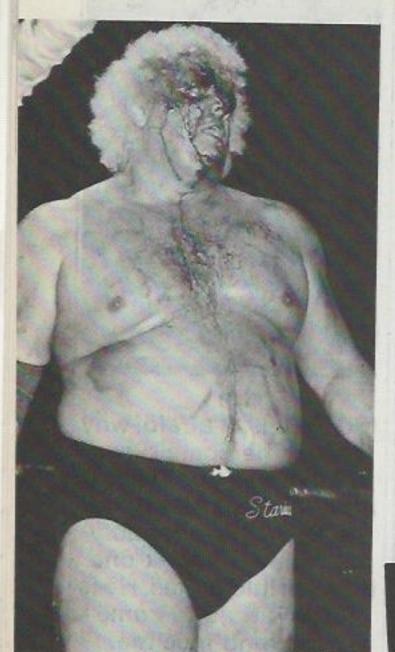
O: You sound bitter.

A: Nope, smart. For the first time in my life I'm doing things the way I want to do them, not responsible to no one or nothing. I'm my own man and whoever doesn't like it can go straight to hell, dig?

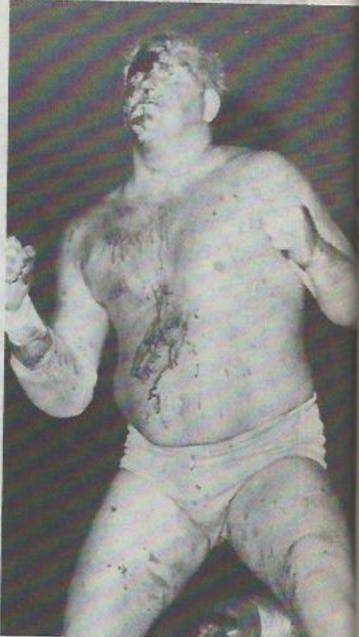
Q: You have no regrets?

A: Nope. I've come farther much faster than I ever would've in Georgia. Shows how much good the fans are, huh?

Dusty Rhodes vs. Dick Murdoch



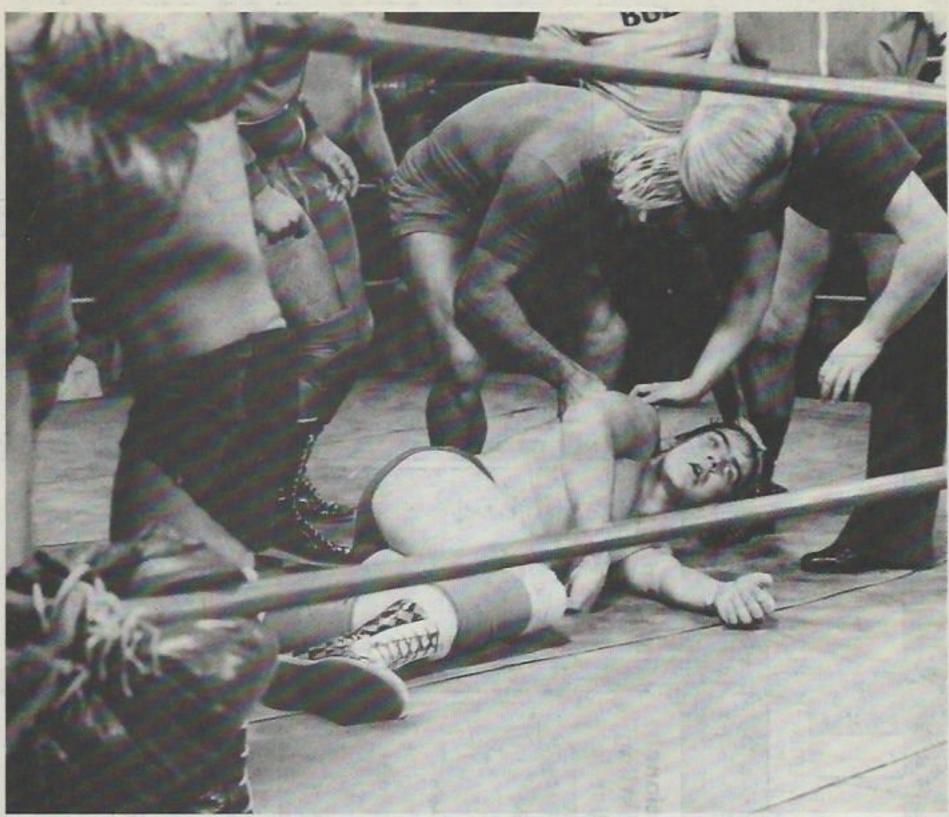
The Outlaws seemed immune to the sort of feuding friction which engulfed other tag teams and friendships. Though they went their separate ways after dissolving the tag team, Rhodes and Murdoch often reunited for special events. Now they may be reunited again-on opposite sides of the squared circle



BETWEEN THE OUTLAWS

PHOTOS BY JERRY PRATER





Wrestlers rush to aid a fallen Barry Windham after he is brutalized in the ring by Dick Murdoch (above). Murdoch receives a check from Lord Al Hays for his efforts, as commentator Gordon Solie looks on (opposite bottom).

THE EVENTS LEADING up to Dick Murdoch's startling alteration must be related so all can gain a clearer understanding of this potentially sickening Florida feud.

A television match was scheduled to take place between Dick Slater, managed by Lord Al Hays, and Barry Windham. The winner was to receive a match against NWA champion Harley Race. Due to reasons beyond his control, Slater never arrived on time, embarrassing Hays.

Still, a man of Hays immense intelligence is not unbalanced for long. Reaching into his pocket, Hays produced a blank check and waved it before the television cameras. Hays offered this blank check, complete with his signature, to any wrestler willing to take Slater's place against Windham.

At first, there was curious quiet. Then a puzzled buzz spilled out of the crowd. Dick Murdoch swaggered up to Hays, plucked the check from the Englishman's hands, and offered his services.

Murdoch wrestling Windham? Two scientific wrestlers? Or one man intending to defraud the Florida fans?

Still, Murdoch shook Windham's hands. Perhaps a true scientific match would take place. Perhaps Murdoch's motives weren't sinister. At first, Murdoch merely wrestled rough, not dirty. Windham displayed poise and skill in countering Murdoch's attacks. Not until Murdoch tossed Windham out of the ring did the match degenerate into a brawl.

Outside the ring, Windham struggled to his feet. In a surprising display of graciousness, Murdoch parted the ropes and helped Windham back into the squared circle. But very quickly, Murdoch blindsided his foe and pummeled the youngster with vicious attacks.

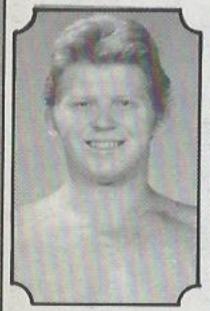
Although he sustained a badly lacerated eye, an injury the decent Windham refused to work on, Murdoch won the match with his opponent carried out of the ring on a stretcher. Fortunately Windham recovered, though his right eye

(Continued on page 48)

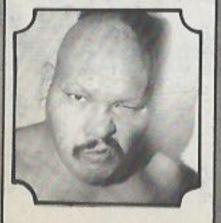
INSIDE WRESTLING'S

These Ratings Are Compiled With The Assistance Of Top Wrestlers, Promoters, And Reporters. They Are Universally Accepted As Official

World Wrestling Federation

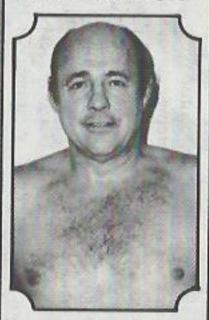


Champion: BOB BACKLUND



1—KILLER KHAN

American Wrestling Association

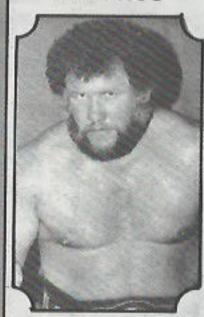


Champion: VERNE GAGNE



1-NICK BOCKWINKEL

National Wrestling Alliance

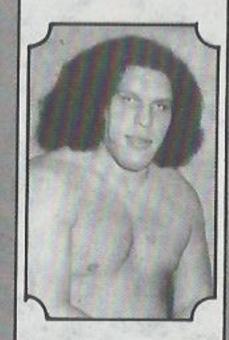


Champion: HARLEY RACE



1-RIC FLAIR

Most Popular Wrestlers

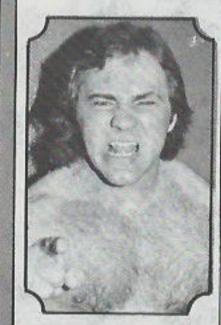


1—ANDRE THE GIANT

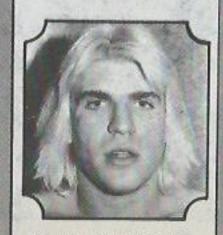


2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO

Most Hated Wrestlers



1—LARRY ZBYSZKO



2—TOMMY RICH

Tag Teams



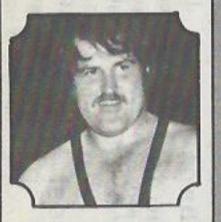


1—PAUL JONES & MASKED SUPERSTAR





2-HULK HOGAN



3—SGT. SLAUGHTER



4-KEN PATERA

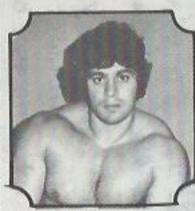
5—PEDRO MORALES 6—LARRY ZBYSZKO 7—STAN HANSEN 8—PAT PATTERSON 9—TONY GAREA 10—RICK MARTEL



2-BILLY ROBINSON



3-JOHN STUDD



4-DINO BRAVO

5-CRUSHER

BLACKWELL 6—ADRIAN ADONIS 7—MAD DOG VACHON 8—TITO SANTANA 9—GREG GAGNE 10—JESSE VENTURA



2-DUSTY RHODES



3-DORY FUNK JR.



4-TONY ATLAS

- 5—RICK STEAMBOAT 6—KEN PATERA 7—MASKED GRAPPLER
- 8—TED DIBIASE 9—TERRY FUNK
- 10-JIM BRUNZELL



3-DUSTY RHODES



4-MIL MASCARAS



5-BOB BACKLUND

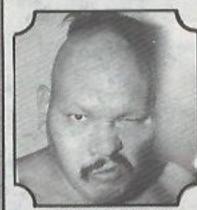
- 6—RICK STEAMBOAT 7—PEDRO MORALES 8—WAHOO
- McDANIEL
- 9—DINO BRAVO 10—KEVIN VON ERICH



3-KEN PATERA



4-GREG VALENTINE

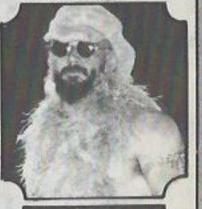


5-KILLER KHAN

- 6-MASKED GRAPPLER 7-BOBBY JAGGERS
- 8—EDDY MANSFIELD 9—TERRY GORDY
- 10-KILLER BROOKS



2—TONY GAREA & RICK MARTEL

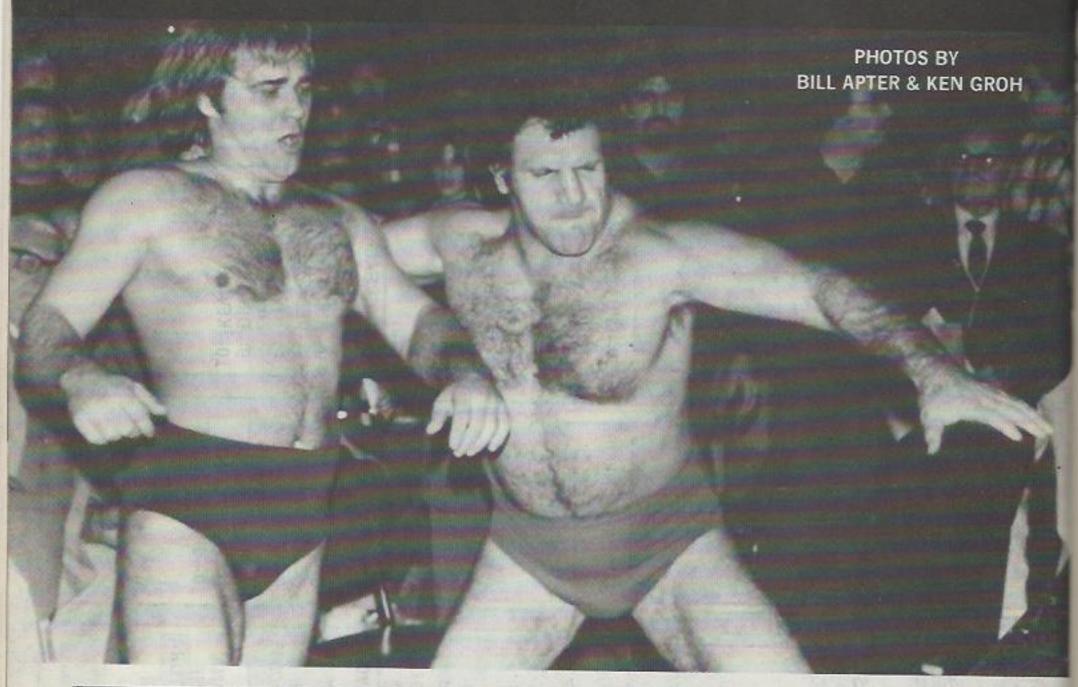




3—JESSE VENTURA & ADRIAN ADONIS

- 4—THE FREEBIRDS 5—THE SHEEP-
- HERDERS
- 6—BARRY WINDHAM & SCOTT McGEE 7—THE MOONDOGS
- 8—THE SAMOANS
- 9—TOMMY & EDDIE GILBERT
- 10-KILLER BROOKS & STAN STASIAK

IT TAKES MORE THAN ZBYSZKO TO MAKE BRUNO RETIRE



Larry Zbyszko made what may prove Arnold Skoaland looked at his to be a fatal mistake: he underestimated Bruno Sammartino. Perhaps Zbyszko didn't absorb as much training under Sammartino as he should have. Perhaps Zbyszko doesn't realize Sammartino is a tough, dedicated man capable of repelling the most vicious of onslaughts. Such an error could cost Zbyszko his career

THERE WERE STILL six hours before the match. watch and then looked at his wrestler, Bruno Sammartino. He didn't like what he saw at either glance.

"Calm down!" Skoaland shouted, then began to laugh. How can you keep someone calm by shouting at him? Arnold's laughter died as he looked at Bruno. The former champion would find nothing funny this day.





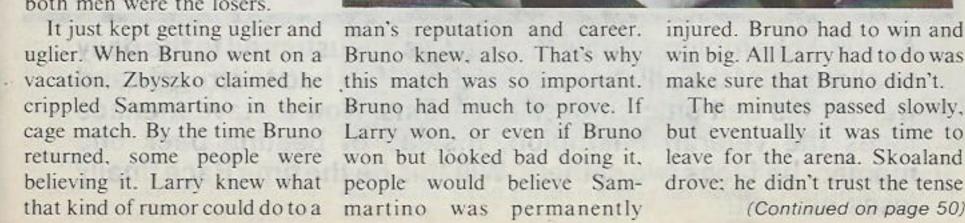
Opposite left: Bruno runs Zbyszko's head into the ringside table. Above left: Larry ignores the referee's order to break his chokehold. Above right: Bruno pulls Larry off the ropes and whips him across the ring. Below: An enraged Sammartino flattens Zbyszko with a table and stomps away.

Bruno paced the room like a caged cat. He'd been walking the streets all morning, trying to walk off his tension. Instead, his nerves grew tighter as the seconds ticked away.

When Skoaland couldn't stand it anymore, he left the room. Sammartino was making him nervous. Arnold realized there was nothing to be done. The only thing that would relieve Bruno was Larry Zbyszko begging for mercy. Bruno would get his chance in six hours.

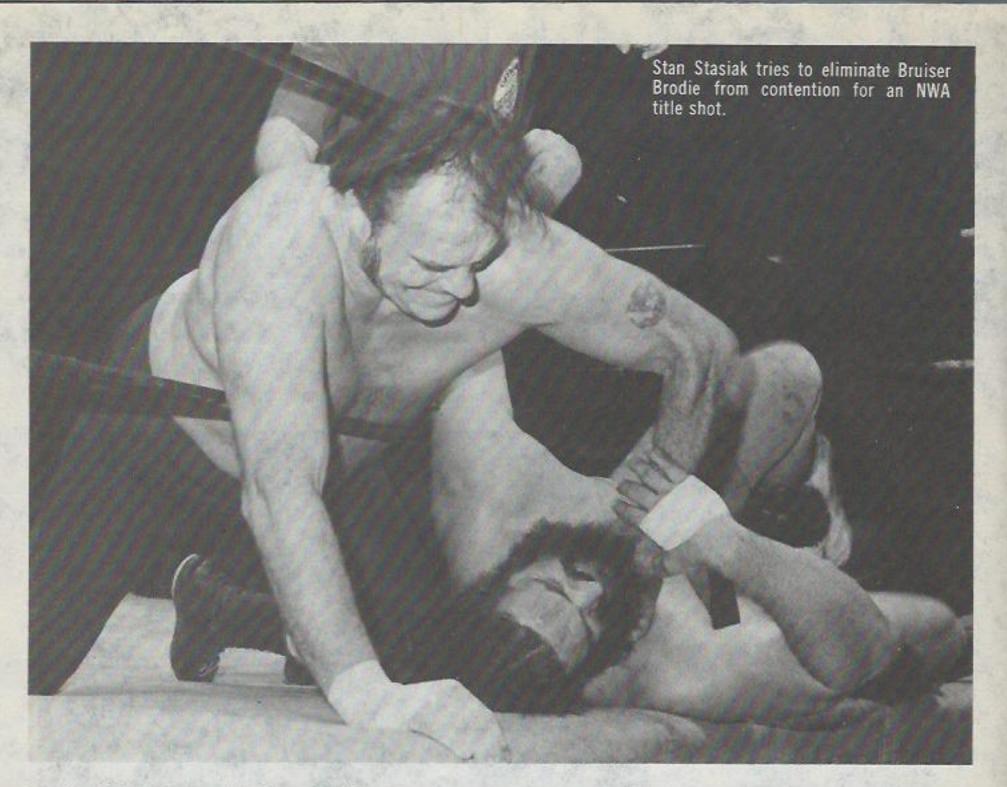
Fate is strange, Arnold thought, as he left the house. Bruno brought Larry into wrestling, nurtured the lad's skills, and made him into one of the top wrestlers around. A disagreement, the unleashing of emotions like love and hate and fear and envy and frustration. then their friendship was ruined. Now they were mortal enemies. Skoaland knew better than anyone that in their feud both men were the losers.

cage match. By the time Bruno returned, some people were believing it. Larry knew what that kind of rumor could do to a



win big. All Larry had to do was make sure that Bruno didn't.

The minutes passed slowly, but eventually it was time to leave for the arena. Skoaland drove; he didn't trust the tense (Continued on page 50)



TWO MANIACS IN SEARCH OF HARLEY RACE PHOTOS BY

WO SHADOWS STALK championship. From a distance, these two shadows appear similar. On closer inspection. one sees they are similar only in form a mask of sinister disdain. the degree of dementia in their obsessive pursuit of Mr. Race.

One spews mangled black hair atop a perpetually

contorted face repeatedly Harley Race and his NWA parting to permit yellowed teeth to drape over a curled lip. The other sneers until upper lip blends with flared nostrils to Neither speaks with any degree of articulation. In fact, most times they rage with incoherent treats until, exhausted, they

slump back, only the flashing maniacal eyes continuing the war.

They are Bruiser Brodie and Stan Stasiak. And these two men know enough about the brawl techniques of wrestling to seriously threaten Race's long reign.

But is Race worried?

As NWA champion, Harley Race grows accustomed to the daily challenges of the alliance contenders. He's had to struggle and war for his belt on countless occasions. Now a grave menace faces the veteran champion. Instead of beating back one maniac, he faces two of them. Will this be the time Race finally loses his belt?

"Nah," said Race, twisting open a can of beer.

At present, Race stands above the war, though the flames and smoke do curl about his diamond-studded belt. He cannot go through a day without the prospect of meeting either Stasiak or Brodie. Still, which one will furnish opposition when Race defends the belt in Texas is subject to resolution of the Brodie-Stasiak war. Or wars.

But first a bit of history. For quite some time, Brodie, a fan favorite despite his unbalanced disposition, fought his way up the Texas wrestling ratings. Brodie never backed off from any fight and some of his battles with Gino Hernandez, to name just one, surely rank among the wildest in history.

Due to his struggles, Brodie seemed assured of getting first crack at Race. That is, until the appearance of Stan Stasiak, the 300-pound native of Buzzard Creek, Oregon, and foremost practitioner of the deadly heartpunch.

After a lengthy stint in the Pacific Northwest, where Stasiak gained widespread fan approval for his roughhouse tactics, the former WWF champion mosied down to Texas. Very quickly, Stasiak reverted to his old rule-breaking ways and declared allout war on all Texas wrestlers. In particular, Stasiak focused on the Von Erich brothers and Mr. Brusier Brodie.

"I don't like the way the Von Erichs looks," snarled Stasiak. "I think they're a bunch of spoiled little kids who ain't worth a damn dried up plug nickel if they didn't have their big daddy to protect them.

"As for Brodie, I know I should have some kind of pity for him since he's so damn insane. I support helpin' the

(Continued on page 58)



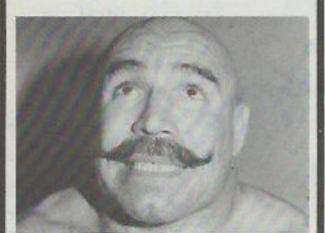
Stasiak, who claims to be the number-one contender by virtue of his Brass Knuckes championship, applies pressure to Brodie's neck muscles. Brodie does not agree with Stasiak's logic.

NEWS FROM THE

If you would like your area of the country represented in these reports, while also being officially credited with your own by-line, send us reports of the matches you attend. You will have the thrill of seeing your name in an internationally known magazine while at the same time helping to improve the quality of wrestling in your area. So why not give it a try? You will be glad you did!

Send your reports to: Correspondent Editor, Box 48, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571.

SPARTANBURG, SC By Chris Kopf



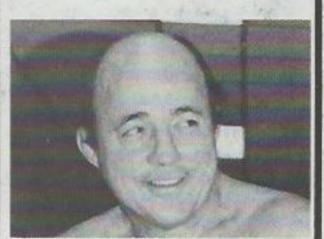
HUSSEIN ARAB vs. PAUL JONES



Paul Jones attacked Hussein Arab as he entered the ring. After numerous punches, Arab was a bloody mess. Recovering, Arab snared Jones in a headlock. Jones worked his way out of the hold and applied the Indian Deathlock, but Arab broke free, loaded his boots, and finished off Jones. That ending didn't stop either man as action continued outside the ring long after the match ended.

OTHER BOUTS: The Fabulous Sheepherders retained their Mid-Atlantic tag team titles by drawing with Johnny Weaver and S.D. Jones . . . Gene Lewis beat Wayne Rogers . . . Ben Alexander whipped Jerry Caldwell.

CHICAGO, IL By Mark Gallo



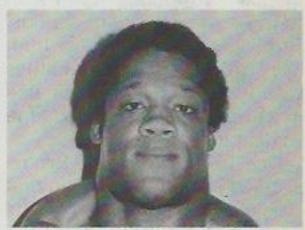
VERNE GAGNE vs. BILLY ROBINSON



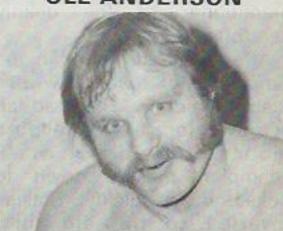
The main event featured AWA champion Verne Gagne against Billy Robinson. It was an especially grueling match for these two distinguished veterans. After applying and reversing holds with brilliant ease, Gagne flipped Robinson out of the ring. The AWA champion followed and both men battled outside the squared circle. The referee had no choice but to count them both out and declare a draw.

other Bouts: Bruiser Brodie and Ernie Ladd defeated Bruiser and Andre the Giant by disqualification . . . In a Texas Death Match Wilbur Synder defeated Dick Murdoch by disqualification . . . Nick Bockwinkel stopped Pat O'Connor.

ATLANTA, GA
By Steve Hendrix



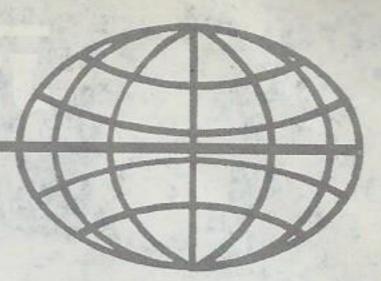
TONY ATLAS vs. OLE ANDERSON



New Georgia Heavyweight champion Tony Atlas made his first title defense in the building of his initial triumph, The Omni. Seeking the Georgia belt was rugged Ole Anderson. Prior to the match, Ole bragged about how easily he would strip Atlas of the belt. That didn't prove to be the case as an angry Atlas used two successive crossbody blocks off the ropes to topple Anderson before a cheering, capacity crowd.

OTHER BOUTS: Jack Brisco gained a victory by disqualification over Terry Gordy when fellow Freebird Buddy Roberts and Michael Hayes interfered. Steve Keirn and Terry Taylor beat Roger Mason and Charlie Fulton.

WRESTLING CAPITALS



TORONTO, ONT By David Vokey



VS.
BOBBY DUNCUM



In the main event, King Kong Mosca took on Bobby Duncum in a match that turned into a giant brawl. Duncum seized an early advantage, but Mosca recovered using football tackles and punches. This incensed Duncum, who retaliated with his own barrage until the match became too much for the referee. A double disqualification was declared.

OTHER BOUTS: Greg Valentine used illegal tactics to beat Ric Flair Hussein Arab suplexed Dewey Robertson . . . The Destroyer beat Don Kernodle . . . Cowboy Frankie Laine defeated Ron Ritchie . . . Tony Parisi dropkicked Dave Patterson.

CAMBRIDGE, MA
By Gil Fontes



vs.
THE HANGMAN



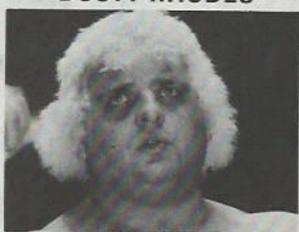
The Hangman, managed by Fred Blassie, took on Bob Backlund for the WWF championship. Backlund controlled the first 10 minutes with scientific maneuvers. The Hangman gained momentum with a bearhug. Backlund seized The Hangman in a headlock. When he broke the hold and tried to escape by pushing Backlund off the ropes, the champ came down hard on his nasty challenger and delivered a crushing atomic spinecrusher for the win.

OTHER BOUTS: Andre the Giant beat Hulk Hogan by disqualification . . . Pedro Morales drew with Ken Patera.

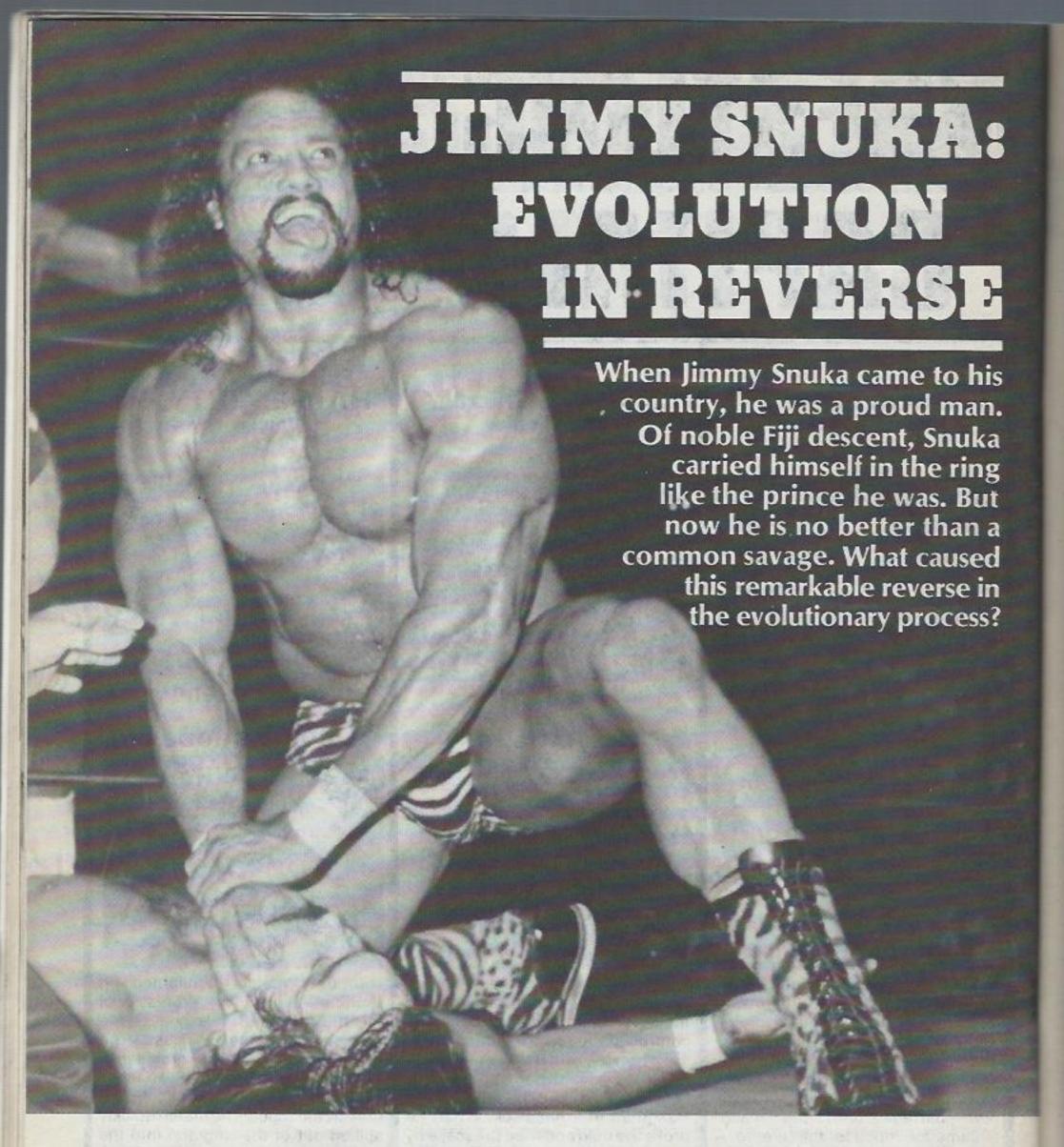
HAINES CITY, FL By Ron Lendowski



THE SHEIK vs.
DUSTY RHODES



A bounty match highlighted an exciting night of professional wrestling. Dusty Rhodes took on the maniac from the Mideast, The Sheik. After going through his prematch ritual. The Sheik attacked Rhodes from behind and choked him on the ropes. The match quickly spilled out of the ring and into the crowd. Rhodes slammed The Sheik on the forehead and opened a wide gash. The Sheik smashed a chair into Rhodes' skull. With so much brawling going on and all wrestling rules ignored, the referee declared the bout a double disqualification. OTHER BOUTS: Lord Al Hays bested Oliver Humperdink in a steel cage match ...



CIVILIZATION IS A matter of degree and perspective. When Jimmy Snuka first arrived in this country, many characterized him as an abject savage. His naive attention to the details of his regal ancestry were severely ridiculed among many peers. His dress, his

speech, his style were dismissed as symptoms of a backward people needing to be placed under the careful arm of a more civilized people.

Yet Snuka's proud heritage, forged on centuries of Fiji dedication to integrity and courage, refused to succumb to easy temptations. No matter the pressures exerted on Snuka, he wrestled as a fair Fiji prince upholding the long traditions of excellence his people are famous for.

A close friend of Snuka's recalls the extraordinary pressures put upon Snuka



An arrogant Jimmy Snuka points to the man he considers the greatest in the world (above). He wasn't always like that. A different Jimmy Snuka fires away at Ken Patera's midsection (below).

when he first wrestled in the Seattle area.

"Jimmy came to this great country believing everything he had ever read about America," recalled Lo Poi, a former pearl diver now selling life insurance in the Portland area. "He believed he could do whatever he wanted and still keep himself the way he wanted to be.

"But he came under heavy pressure to succeed a certain way. Even though fans loved him, Jimmy never felt completely secure. He always felt as if he were doing something wrong, you know. He never felt truly accepted."

Perhaps Snuka's unfamiliar native attire startled ringside patrons. Perhaps his quiet, halting speech or alien maneuvers bothered people in some vague manner.

Despite his growing unease, Snuka managed to both embroil himself in a fiery feud with Playboy Buddy Rose and win the Pacific Northwest heavyweight title.

His wars with Rose, a despicable rulebreaker capable of the worst sins known to professional wrestling, entrenched Snuka as a popular wrestler. Coupled with his winning of the prestigious local championship, Snuka seemed well on his way to glories. There seemed no reason at all for him to change his way of wrestling or his lifestyle.

Then what happened?

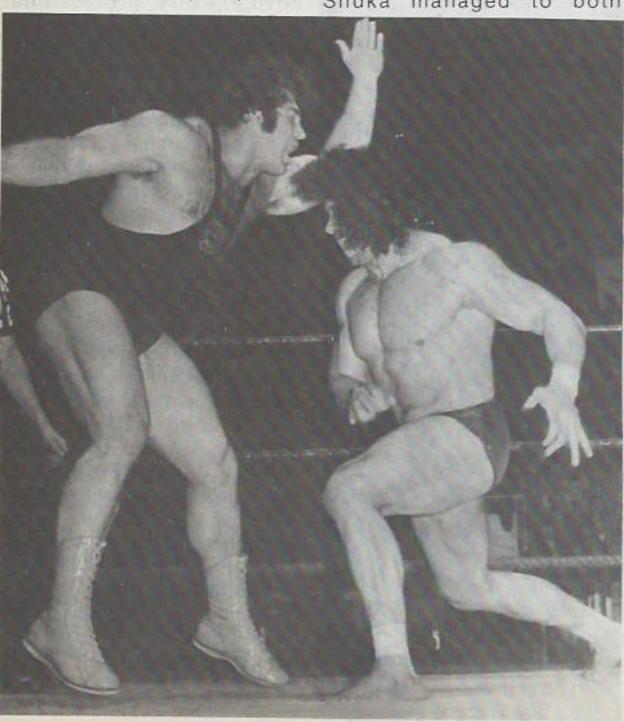


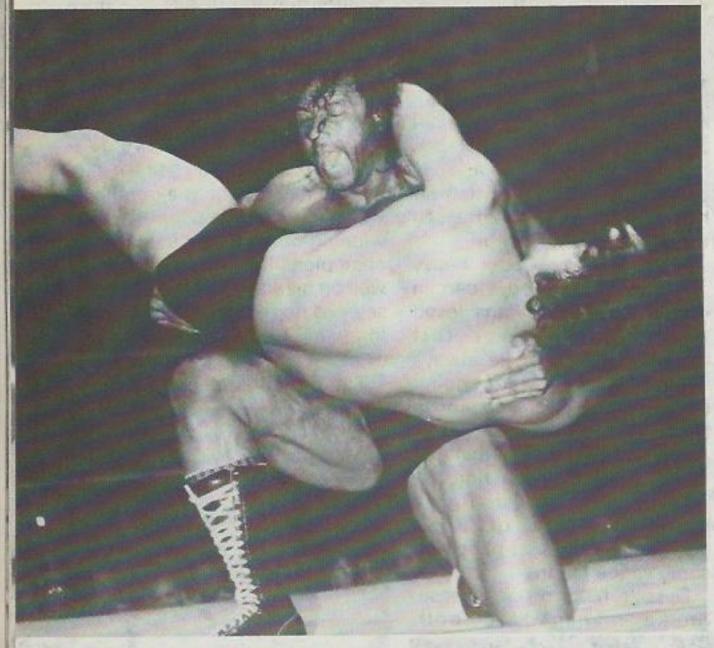
Snuka gloats over the pain he is inflicting on his foe. No one knows exactly what made Snuka change so much in such a short period of time.

"Jimmy got really taken with the idea of winning a world title," said Lo Poi. "He started thinking about it more than he should have. I think he made the mistake of growing impatient. Instead of just working and working, he started pushing things, wanting too much too fast.

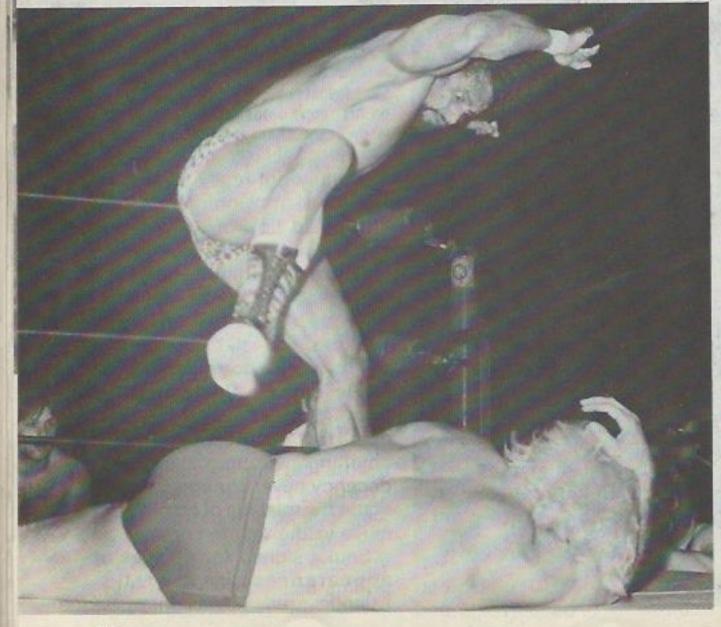
"He didn't want to wait his turn. But at heart, Snuka couldn't consider doing anything wrong. His basic decency never changed. But he made the mistake of coming too close to the wrong person."

Snuka signed for a series of appearances in the Mid-Atlantic area. It was there he





The metamorphosis of Jimmy Snuka brought him backward from a kind, thoughtful man, loved by all, to a sadistic animal feeding on the broken careers of his foes. Snuka's tactics (above and below) are designed to cripple.



met Buddy Rogers.

"I don't know what happened and I don't think anyone really knows how or what Rogers did to Jimmy. All I know is Rogers put some kinda spell on Snuka, and that was the end of the man I once called my best friend."

To this date, Snuka vehemently denies Rogers' alleged powers over his inner mind.

"Nothing ever happened to me," he claims. "I made my own decision. I realized I'd been duped by my so-called friends and by the fans. If I'd listened to my little voice from the beginning, I'd be champion of the world by now.

"After the so-called good guys drove Buddy outta the Mid-Atlantic area, my good buddy and friend Gene Anderson came in and started giving me the kind of sound advice every professional wrestler hopeful of becoming a world champion needs.

"Gene showed me how to win. He taught me that listening or even giving a damn what fans think or say means absolutely nothing in the long run. Gene and later Ray Stevens, my good buddy and friend, showed me how the fans'll desert you in a second soon as someone they like more ambles by.

"That was the start of my career. I'm ashamed of what I did in the Pacific Northwest. Imagine, talking to fans and wasting my precious oxygen like that. And imagine beating up on a fine and upstanding citizen like Buddy Rose, a man who's given his all for the sport.

"Nope, I think I've finally become a civilized man. Finally shed the other ways that only lead to failure."

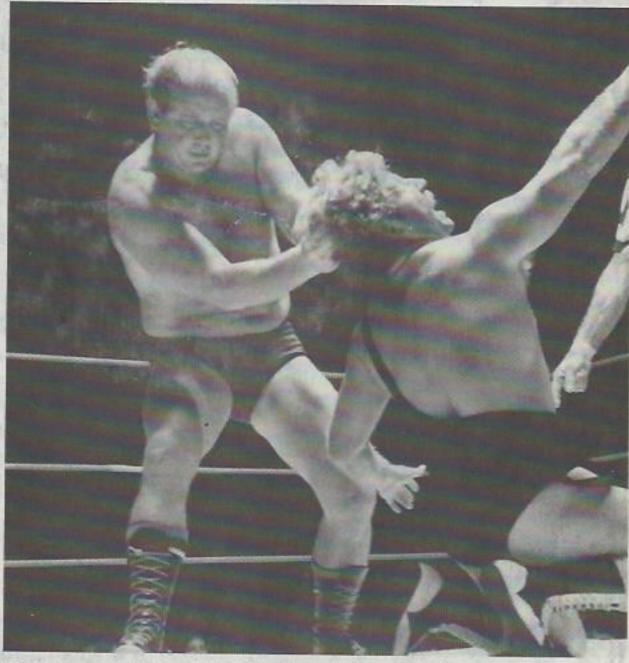
Thus Jimmy Snuka turned his back and betrayed the principles of his people for a mere title. And this he calls civilized.

INSIDE WP8STLING

DORY FUNK JR.

56 Capsule Profile

NOWN THROUGH-OUT the world for his brawling style ("I like to mix it up and fight a little") . . . Despite a violent temperament, his beguiling manner can be outright charming ("Hey, I'm a nice guy, you know, long as you keep on my good side, that's all") . . . Learned much about professional wrestling from his famous father ("Dad taught me and Terry how to be men, unlike the wimps runnin' around the ring nowadays") . Both his father's teachings and his native state shaped his professional wrestling philosophy ("You gotta have guts to make it in Texas. That's why I get all bent outta shape when someone says they're from Texas when they ain't") . . . Has accumulated innumerable titles and awards over the course of his career ("Just shows I'm appreciated") . . . Early in his career, gained a reputation



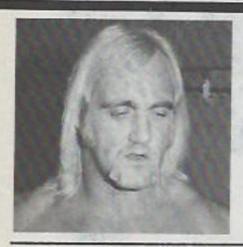
Dory Funk Jr. grabs a handful of Mike Graham's hair and yanks him to the canvas. No matter the result of his bout, Funk's opponent is sure to leave the ring knowing he's been in a brawl.

for gentlemanly tactics while brother Terry brawled through the ring ("I got tired of bein' mister nice guy, know what I mean? Learned you can't trust people. I'm still nice, but I pick and choose who I'm nice to a little closer nowadays") . . . Held both the Western States tag team title and Internatinal tag team title with Terry . . . Also held the Western States and Missouri individual belts ("I'm real proud of those titles") . . .

Proudest day of his life was the night he won the NWA title from Gene Kiniski ("Now, I'm gonna admit I had some tears in my eyes 'cause that one was for my Dad") . . . Biggest and most famous feud with Jack Brisco when the challenger spent years trying to win his NWA title ("Punk always had to cheat at the end and make me brawl") . . . Has wrestled every important wrestler around and always distinguished himself.

WHERT HOW? ARE THEY MOW?

Each day, out of the thousands of letters we receive, hundreds of them are from fans asking the whereabouts of their favorite wrestler. In this special column, we will try to answer the questions you ask the most!



HULK HOGAN

The incredible muscled man returned to the WWF after a savagely successful tour of Japan. In the Orient, Hogan displayed the brutal cunning which has earned him the contempt of millions of decent wrestling fans. From all indications, Hogan appears as cruel as ever. He's still determined to wrest away Bob Backlund's WWF championship.

THE SAMOANS

Former WWF tag team champion, Afa and Sika, have signed for several commitments in Georgia. On Thanksgiving night at Atlanta's Omni, The Samoans made their initial, spectacular invasion of Georgia. Rumors swirl that The Samoans have their barbaric sights set on challenging for the Georgia tag team title.



DORY FUNK JR.

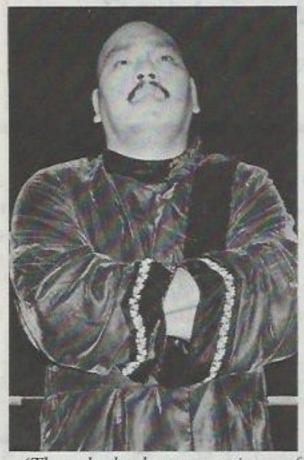
Dory Funk Jr. added yet another impressive title to his long list of wrestling belts: the Florida heavyweight championship. In a particularly violent match against then-champion Dusty Rhodes, Funk displayed the savvy and skill which has made him a legend in his own time. But Rhodes vows revenge, so this feud may get even more violent.

THE HANGMAN

This man of immense mystery currently assaults the arenas of Montreal. All local scientific wrestlers have come under The Hangman's bizarre attacks. Though this peculiar man refuses interviews, Montreal observers fear his ultimate mission may threaten the very future of Canadian wrestling.



ONE



(Though both are natives of lands other than America, Andre the Giant and Killer Khan couldn't be more dissimilar in nature, philosophy, and wrestling style. Across the globe, Andre the Giant stands for courage, kindness, and integrity. On the other hand, Killer Khan represents the darkest, cruelest instincts of mankind. This month, Khan, and Andre the Giant confront each other on One on One.)

ANDRE THE GIANT:

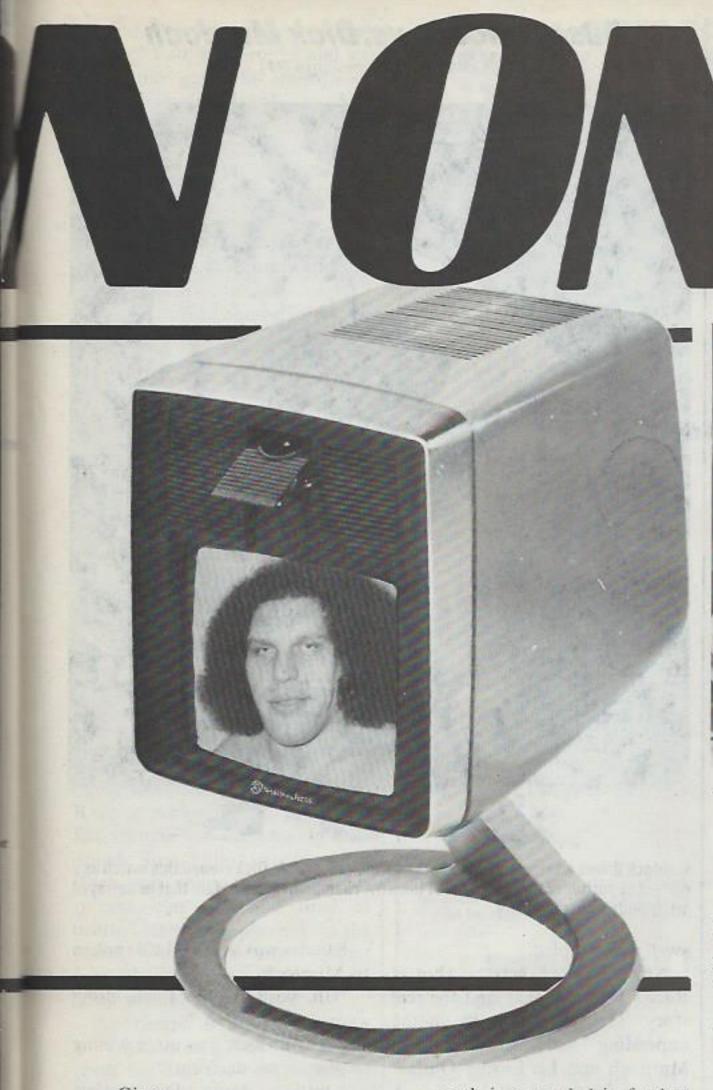
So, you bring your henchman with you, as usual. Too afraid to fight your battles, Picturephones courtesy of Bell Telephone

even long-distance?

KILLER KHAN: (Through his interpreter, Fred Blassie)

My friend Fred stands with me to translate my words into a tongue your feeble mind can understand, Giant. He does not stand with me to fight my battles. If anyone reflects cowardice, it is you,

Every month the telephone wires will crackle as two top grapplers rage and argue. We'll print the unedited transcript of their conversations, giving the fans a privileged glimpse at wrestlers which can be found nowhere else



Giant.

AG: How do you figure that?

KK: Everywhere I go, you flee. I enter the state of Georgia, and you flee. I enter the WWF, and you flee. Obviously there is more than mere coincidence at work.

AG: I do not run from you.

KK: Certainly you flee. Your myth and legend convey invulnerability. But that myth is grounded in further myth. You purposely select opponents you know you can defeat. You never wrestle anyone who might defeat you.

AG: Like you?

KK: We have made substantial financial proposals to wrestle you. Each proposal has been rejected without any comment.



AG: Your proposals, as you call them, were for matches I could not accept. You request handicaps and other situations which my conscience would not permit.

KK: Not so. You are afraid of me.

AG: I fear no one.

KK: Then why did you run in the battle royal?

AG: What do you speak of, fool?

KK: I speak, tall freak, of the moment when we met in a battle royal. It could have been the perfect opportunity to prove which of us is the superior wrestler and man. Yet you fled, turned your back on me, and gestured for two of your thugs to attack me when my back was turned.

AG: I do not recall any such meeting.

KK: Not recall or choose not to (Continued on page 64)

A BONANZA COLLECTORS

The Only Back Issue Of The Famous WRESTLING ILLUSTRATED Still Available!

WRESTLING ILLUSTRATED, the 1965 classic wrestling magazine, is one of the most highly sought

after collector's items. But if you act immediately, you can STILL buy a few of its best and classic most

Feb/65 PEPPER GOMEZ

Pinups are listed under each issue.

issues! There is only a limited supply available, and those are going quickly. THE GIANT



March/65 ARGENTINA APOLLO

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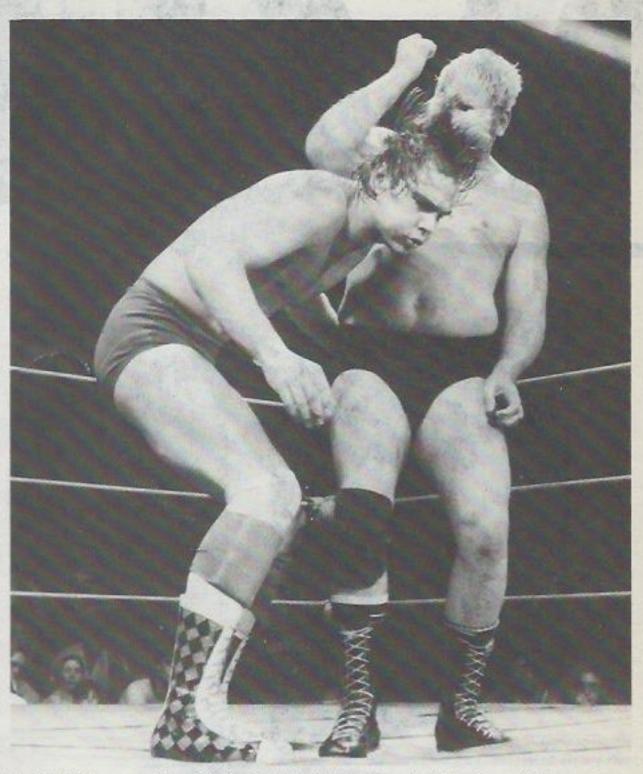
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Dusty Rhodes vs. Dick Murdoch

(Continued from Page 31)



Murdoch drives an elbow into the back of Windham's neck. Dick viewed this match as a perfect opportunity to gain a shot at the NWA championship. The fact that he betrayed his friends was secondary.

swell and purpled.

Now Murdoch gets his shot at to Murdoch. Race's belt. But that isn't the real story. The real story lies in the wanna go into that." impending war between Dick Murdoch and his former Outlaw to discuss his decision. partner, Dusty Rhodes!

"I can't believe that," muttered Rhodes, obviously shocked and disconsolate. "I don't think Murdoch would do somethin' like that. Dick's got his principles. He wouldn't accept money from a bum like Hays and he wouldn't consider beatin' up on a fine kid like Windham.

"Nope, there's gotta be more to this than that."

Rhodes was asked if he'd spoken

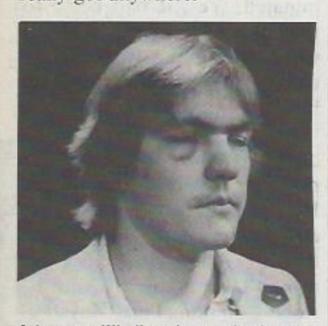
"Uh, yeah, kinda. I, uh, don't

But Murdoch was quite willing

"Outlaw deeds for outlaw wages," said Murdoch. "Long as Lord Al Hays keeps comin' up with the money, I'll wrestle anyone, even if it means wrestlin' my own mother.

"Principles ain't the issue right here. What matters is makin' the bread and winnin' the belts. I ain't gonna be bothered or limited or hampered or anythin' else by any sense of loyalty to anyone.

"Hell, where did loyalty ever get anyone? You look around and see all the nice guys who are loyal to their friends. Look at Mil Mascaras. He's a nice guy and he don't win no world titles. Look at Andre the Giant. How many world titles he winnin' nowadays? Check out Larry Zbyszko. All those years he was nice and kindly to his friends and he got burnt time and again. Wasn't until he started thinkin' about himself that he really got anywhere.



A battered Windham leaves the dressing room after being examined by a physician. Murdoch better be beware of a man named Dusty Rhodes!

"You think Race gives a damn about anyone? No way, man, all Race cares about is winnin' his title and holdin' it and makin' the dough. Sure, I don't care much for Race, but you gotta respect his success. I'm sick and tired of hearin' all the do-gooders in the world wine and moan about friendship. Havin' friends ain't never won anyone a title."

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All friends?

"Yeah, even Dusty. If Hays'll come up with the right numbers, I'll put on the boots and stomp Dusty. I got myself to think about and my own pocket. I'll do whatever I gotta do, wrestle whoever I gotta wrestle, long as I got what's rightfully mine."

Finally, Murdoch's bitter resolve sunk into Rhodes.

"Yeah, looks like I gotta do it," said Rhodes, his voice soft. "Looks like I'm gonna have to wrestle Dick Murdoch."

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BRUNO

(Continued from Page 35)

grappler behind the wheel. As they approached the arena, Bruno muttered, "That Judas isn't going to drive me from wrestling!" Arnold didn't have to ask about the identity of "that Judas."

"He wants nothing less than my ruin!" Bruno declared, eyes burning with hatred. "He's after my life. Everyone in wrestling will be watching this match. I make one mistake, one mistake, and my career will be ruined.

"Larry has brought it to this. It's either him or me. I can show him no mercy. More than defeat him, I must humiliate him.



Above: Zbyszko flees the ring when Bruno gets hold of the chair that Larry had intended to use as his weapon. Below: Bruno rhythmically applies a hammerlock to the chants of the fans.

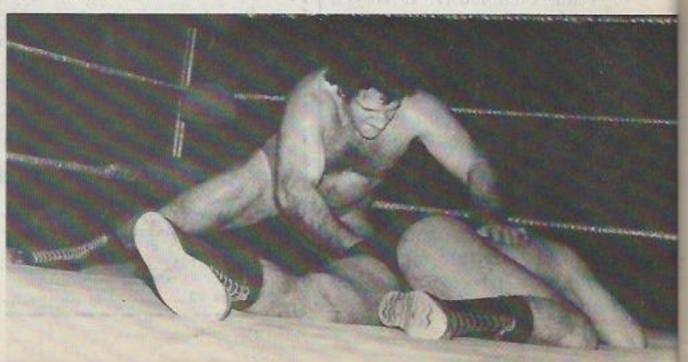
Crush him, like a bug."

All of a sudden, Bruno realized what he said. He was shocked. All the fond memories of Larry overwhelmed him. Were all those good times, close times, meaningless? Had it come to thinking of Larry as an insect that must be exterminated? Yes, it had come to that. Bruno didn't say another word during the trip, silently trying to come to grips with his sorrow.

In the arena, he dressed quickly. The preliminary matches came and went. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, he was summoned into the ring. Already there, staring at him from across the canvas, stood a smirking Larry Zbyszko.

The bell sounded. The two men approached each other cautiously. Some say they saw both men trembling from the strain of controlling their rage; both knew a fit of temper would make them reckless and lead to defeat. When the clash finally came, it was an explosion.

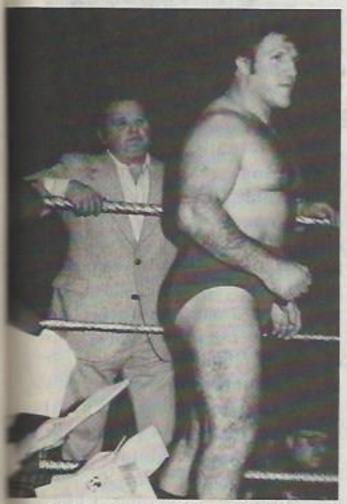
Bruno quickly gained the advantage. Using all his veteran cunning and legendary strength, he brought Larry to the canvas. Zbyszko escaped a pin but was still on the defensive. Bruno was



a whirlwind of assault. Larry barely managed to survive.

Then the match turned ugly. Both men wrestled with uncontrolled savagery that had more than one spectator in tears. They were trying to destroy each other. Yet, there was no delight in the destruction. This war was one they had to battle, not one either of them really wanted.

Larry grew more savage. He didn't bother hiding his illegal maneuvers. The referee warned him, gave him every chance, but finally had to disqualify him. The victory was Bruno's.



After defeating Zbyszko disqualification, the ever-popular Sammartino is besieged by autographseekers.

The victory truly was Bruno's, and both men knew the referee's decision had nothing to do with it. Bruno proved himself in perfect shape. The rumors were now harmless.

"He couldn't run me out of wrestling," Bruno declared later that night, his voice cold and triumphant. "It will take more than that Judas to force me out."

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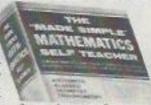


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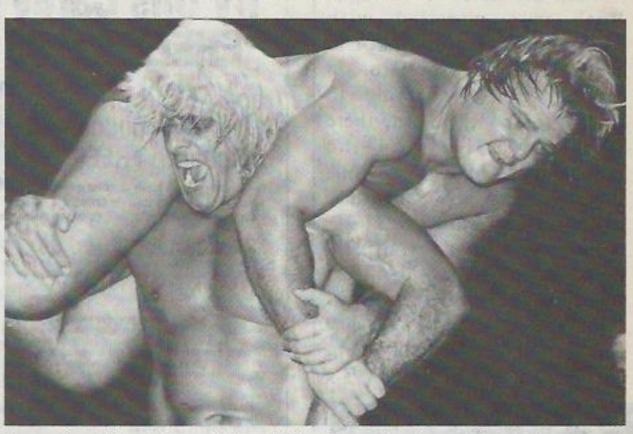


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ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 8)



The confrontations between Flair and Valentine go down in wrestling history as some of the most violent of all time. It took Flair a long time, but he was finally able to capture the prestigious title.

Valentine rose from his stool and opened the locker. He peered inside, stepped back, shook his head as if puzzled by his sudden inability to find something, then reached into the bottom of the locker.

Out came the boots. Valentine laced with great effort, each ring never looking up from his squinted stare into the dark locker. He finished one boot, sighed, laced the other and half-rose, his thin pupils roaming the barren bottom.

Valentine reached for the hook protruding from the inside of the metal door. It was empty. He pulled back, almost shrank as his face contorted in some inner agony.

Suddenly Valentine's gestures grew animated. He stumbled back, righted himself and lunged forward, huge hands sweeping the interior of the locker, tossing out envelopes and empty coffee cups. He couldn't find what he was looking for. So Valentine simply stared ahead, at no point in particular, perhaps hoping his violent gaze would find its way through the tortured pathways of his soul.

His body seemed to shrink, his

back hunched forward as his hands grazed his waist, hoping to find something wrapped around. instead only finding his muscular stomach and wide hips. Valentine shook his head, slammed the locker shut, not heavily, but with resignation.

He walked out of the locker and into the arena. Instantly a chorus of boos bombarded him. He didn't care to acknowledge them. But his disconcern was not typical Valentine disregard. Rather, he was too preoccupied to issue a vintage glare and snarl a nasty word to the fans shouting at him.

Ahead lay the steel cage. Standing at the edge of the ring waited Ric Flair.

Valentine walked slower, his eyes fixed on the diamond-studded belt wrapped around Flair's waist. Valentine couldn't pull his eyes off Flair's waist. He couldn't comprehend nor accept the agony of his defeat.

He suddenly stopped and shoved his thick arms in the air, shouting to the crowd, "I am the real champion." But no one believed him.

Least of all, himself.



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BEHIND THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 10)

case. When you are dealing with something as complex as human emotions, however, the answers don't come as easily. A team of psychiatrists could keep itself busy for a decade trying to make sense of the Mid-Atlantic scene.

A crazy sport, this professional wrestling.

I'm in Charlotte, North Carolina, now. My assignment: A feature story on the newly crowned NWA tag team champions, Paul Jones and Masked Superstar. A classic rulebreaker to scientific wrestler success story and an interesting one at that. But I'm afraid it's going to have to wait. There is controversy brewing in the losers' camp.

Jimmy Snuka and Ray Stevens, outraged at losing the belts, have placed all the blame on their manager, Gene Anderson. "He wasn't there when we needed him," Stevens howled. "We give Anderson a good chunk of our hard-earned money to manage us, and where is he when the going gets tough?"

Actually, Anderson was in Atlanta teaming with brother Ole in the \$20,000 Georgia National Tag Team Trophy tournament. He is back in the Mid-Atlantic now and is accepting no part of the blame. "You know, I sort of sensed something like this would happen," he told me, shaking his head. "On the surface, I'm sure this looks very bad for me, not being there when they lost the title. But if you must poke your head into this, and by now I know how irritating you can get, I'll tell you what really



Gene Anderson talks to Ray Stevens and Jimmy Snuka upon his return to the Mid-Atlantic area. The wrestlers blame their manager for their defeat.

went down.

"I knew about this tournament for some time, and I told Ray and Jimmy about it the minute I decided to enter. I told them that they could either take a little vacation until I got back or we could try to work out the strategy before I left.

"Being as greedy as they are, they chose to wrestle. Only they were too hard-headed to sit down with me before I left for Atlanta to plan out our attack. I tried to get them together, but they were never around. It ain't my fault."

Snuka and Stevens just shrugged when I told them what Anderson told me. So I guess this mystery is solved. As far as I can see. Anderson is off the hook. Before Snuka and Stevens came under Anderson's management, they knew that he still liked to don the old tights every now and then. They can't expect him to give up his active wrestling career entirely. They had sufficient notice of the tag team tournament, so I can't really see where Gene is at fault.

But at the risk of throwing Gene Anderson too much support, let me state for the record that the feud he and Ole have carried on with brother Lars has extended too long. If they don't get together and work this out soon, the damage might be irreparable.

A crazy sport, this professional wrestling.

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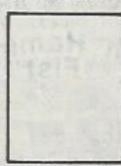
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BODYSLAMS & PINFALLS

(Continued from Page 12)

wrong with ambition, as long as there are other motivations. A wrestler should love his sport, be thrilled at the chance to make the sport better, and glory in superbly executed strategies. As far as I can see, Rich only has ambition.

I'd like to be wrong. I'd like to see Rich develop into a top athlete, a tough competitor and a man worthy of being champion. Perhaps his fans fawning was the mistake of youth. Matured now, he might really want to be a champion in the great tradition of Nick Bockwinkel, Billy Graham, and Ivan Koloff. I won't hold my breath waiting, though.

All those crying fans should take it easy. I fully expect Rich to be currying fan favor before summer. I met him recently, and he tried to convince me he was a new man. I must admit he talked a good game, but he always talks a good game. Yet, there was something about his expression that told me he'd be much more comfortable hearing cheers instead of boos. Guys like that never remain outcasts for long.

Though Jim Valiant has become a fan favorite, he and I still talk. I respect his honesty, even his honest disagreement over what we feel is best for wrestling. Jim doesn't see Tommy staying in conflict with the fans'.

"He's weak," Jim believes,

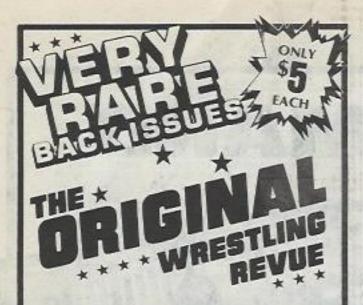
"weak when it comes to guts. It takes courage to be booed all the time. It can eat into you, hurts what's best about you. Sometimes, I think one of the reasons I changed is because I just couldn't take it anymore. Rich won't be able to take it for long.

"When he was a fan favorite, didn't you see how proud he looked as the crowd cheered? Enough to make you sick! Rich is what I call a fame addict. He needs people looking up to him like a drunk needs booze. When his lust for hero worship gets too great, he'll turn on his newfound friends and win the crowd again. I can smell it."

In fairness, it must be pointed out that Jim has always hated Rich. They're two people who always seem destined to be in opposition. Still, you don't have to hate Rich to agree with what Valiant says.

Again, I hope I'm wrong. With a little more integrity, Rich could be one of the great ones. He has the natural ability to beat almost anyone around. If he cared a little more for wrestling and a little less for himself, there's no limit to his possibilities.

Most people think Rich will panic without the fans and go back to his old self. Maybe, just maybe, the boos will build character. There's enough good about Tommy Rich that we can hope for the best.



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TWO MANIACS

(Continued from Page 37)

handicap and he's gonna be ready for one big hospital bed when I finish with him."

But more than mere physical threats weave throughout this tale. Brodie resents the sudden intrusion of Stasiak and his claim that he deserves a shot at Race. Brodie dismisses Stasiak's status as Texas Brass Knuckles champion and insists titles someone might hold shouldn't enter in any calculation.

handicapped, both mental and into the garbage, the cat eats physical. Far as I can see, 'em, gets sick, and dies on your Brodie's already a mental front lawn. Huh? Sure I know what the devil I'm talking bout.

> "If you had my mind, you'd know what I'm saying. All I care about is taking Stasiak's face. stomping his nose, pulling out his eyes, ripping off his ears, and mailing his tongue back to wherever the hell he comes from so the buzzards can feast for about 10 years 'cause that's how big and fat his tongue is. Yeah, you better believe I'm gonna do it."

With all that pre-match



Stasiak is a man who earns his reputation. With Brodie helpless along the turnbuckles. Stasiak hits him in the groin with a metal chair.

"Who the devil cares what kinda title that fat worm-faced eel might have?" asked Brodie, saliva dribbling down his chin. "Who? You know who I mean. Stasiak, spelled V-E-R-M-I-N, that's how you smell him, yeah, smell, not spell.

"Yeah, I know I got the skill, the moves, the body, the brains, but what's that mean if I'm gonna be cheated? What does anything mean? Everything gets boiled down to nothing and the leftovers are thrown

fanfare, it would be quite natural if the actual match proved to be a disappointment. That was not the case. These two maniacs flung each other from one end of the arena to the other, hurling chairs, biting arms, screaming, kicking, punching.

But a double disqualification didn't solve anything. It still left Race's most immediate challenge unresolved.

"So what?" said Race, shrugging. "They're both bums. I could lick both of 'em with both hands tied behind my back."

SEREK SSUPPLIE

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ONE ON ONE

(Continued from Page 47)





Killer Khan seems to be enjoying himself as he whips Ray Candy across the ring (above left). Andre the Giant brings Nikolai Volkoff to his knees with a wristlock (above right).

recall? Your reputation would suffer greatly if your cowardice became a matter of public record. Your gullible fans would desert you and seek wrestlers upholding the principles of true, manly combat.

AG: Such as you?

KK: Yes.

AG: My fans would never support a man like yourself. My fans care about others and care deeply about principles.

KK: And they care about success.

AG: What does that mean?

KK: That you insult your fans. Wrestling fans like a winner. They flock to the side of winners. They will stay with you a while longer before realizing you are nothing more than a contemptible loser who will never win a title.

AG: There is more to life than winning a major title.

KK: Of course, you would be expected to say that. You are a loser and must defend your record in some manner. You blame others for your defeat.

AG: I have won titles only to be deprived by technicalities.

KK: Ah, Giant, that demonstrates

your incompetence. A true man, a great man, a winner finds ways to get around such trivial items as technicalities.

AG: Like cheating?

KK: Hardly. I speak of anticipating another's treachery and planning strategy to deal with such treachery.

AG: And what kind of victory is that?

KK: Does it matter? I would be champion.

AG: But what kind of champion?
A champion does not cheat
to win the title and then cheat
to retain it. To be a champion
you must cleanly claim
victory and just as cleanly
hold onto the belt. I would
never wish to win a belt that
was tainted by doubt.

KK: And such foolish naivete is what will prevent you from ever winning a title.

AG: No, Khan, When I win the belt, I will have won it in a manner which all fans will respect.

KK: By the time you win a title, Godzilla, you will be too old and feeble to wrap the belt around your waist.

AG: We shall see.

THE INSIDER

(Continued from Page 14)



Is the Grand Wizard's brain destined to be left to science? He denies the rumor. However, it would be interesting to find out what lies deep beneath that turban.

RUMOR VS. FACT

RUMOR: Several prominent medical research centers in the United States and England are currently attempting to convince The Grand Wizard to leave his brain to science.

"The Wizard's brain is quite an unusual one," said one doctor. "He's sort of a combination of Albert Einstein and Attila the Hun. We could do marvelous research with him."

FACT: This was a particularly difficult rumor to track down. The Wiz, needless to say, denies it completely. But the doctors at the research centers involved aren't talking.

"We cannot discuss at the present time any future plans we have in the research field, or who those plans involve," one research director said.

RUMOR: Louisiana rulebreaker Masked Grappler is really pop recording artist Wayne Newton!

FACT: This ridiculous rumor

was probably started by the fan from New Orleans who writes us every week insisting she knows the true identity of every masked wrestler alive. No one, to our knowledge, knows who the Masked Grappler is. We have been told he even wears his mask when he goes to sleep.

INJURY REPORT

MASKED SUPERSTAR was hit over the head by GENE ANDERSON in Richmond, Virginia. The rulebreaker-turned-hero sustained quite a large gash. Anderson used his cane to strike Superstar from outside the ring.

TERRY ORNDORFF was taken to the hospital after suffering a serious injury in a match against Ernie Ladd. The extent of the injury was not immediately known, but ringsiders tell us that Ladd's evil ways were directly responsible.

That's all for now. Catch you later.

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